

# HEARD AND SEEN :: A Column FROM and FOR Everybody :: By BILL PRICE

## WELCOME—NEW CONTRIB.

We extend to you a welcome, And we greet you every one; We hope your stay in the column Will be a pleasant one. We have gathered here together From the East and from the West.

A jolly bunch of members And you can guess the rest. We meet you and we greet you, With warm and hearty handshake. And a smile that's here to stay. We are glad to have you with us And we'll just say right here That your bright and happy thoughts Will give us still more cheer.

EVERLYN LOEFFLER.

## MENTAL VITAMINES.

The failures in life who would find themselves must first find the faith they have lost in themselves. Today is that tomorrow when you were going to do it.

The biggest mistake we can ever make is to believe that we can make none.

If everybody were more sincere this old world would be less sincere.

Sophistication is a fine art, but a poor substitute for common sense.

The helping hand never points the finger of scorn.

Never ridicule the imperfections you discover in others. They cannot help being imperfect any more than you can.

The ladder of success is an extension ladder.

When going from bad to worse, "better late than never" is a poor motto.

Rainstorms have caused not nearly so much affliction as brainstorms.

The past that is behind a man at forty is the future that was before him at twenty.

FRED SCHWAB.

## MARRIAGE AND CHILDREN.

Some funny things happen in life. And you notice them on every side. There's one to me that's a scream. It almost splits my side.

I refer to frequent advice on marriage Given by bachelors and old maids. Who think they know all about it. They can give you cards and spades.

And in the raising of children. Oh! boy they surely know it all. They tell you how it should be done. And are sore if for it you don't fall.

There isn't an old maid living Who can't tell you what she would do. If she had charge of your children. Your way is all wrong—yes, you!

AUNT MARTHA.

## LIFE'S MYSTERIES.

A cynic once said: "Life is but a bubble, floating a moment upon the waves of uncertainty and then sinking into nothingness."

Why is it, I wonder, that the high and glorious aspirations and ideals that leap from the temple of man's heart are so often destined to wander about unsatisfied?

F. B. A.

If I was a wild, wild wave, Dispersing upon the beach, I'd make it mighty salty. For some flapper peach.

WILLIE.

Daughter—Father, you don't seem to like Alec. Father—Well, Doris, I'm willing to discount the slight discoloration of his upper lip, which I take to be a mustache, the kind of clothes he wears, his racing car and his suede shoes, but if he ever addresses me as 'old thing' I'm going to hit him.

Walter, with an air of surprise, says: "I was just waiting for someone to order the other half, for any fool knows you can't kill no half chicken."

G. W.

Uncle said that bicycle was built for two, all right. For two rind-utes.

He owed the repairman eight dollars and sixty cents. So he wouldn't allow Uncle to take the

bike out for a Sunday holiday until Uncle had a bright financial idea. He promised the repair man the eight dollars and gave him his I. O. U. for the sixty cents.

The I. O. U. was due in three months, and in about two years Uncle started to worry. He was a very sensitive man about his debts and his word was as good as his syllables. It was a common proverb around our village that Uncle would pay a debt if it took a lifetime.

Pretty soon, the repair man

came running up to Uncle, who happened to be mending his street. You know, Uncle owed so many people on so many streets that he used to promenade only in alleys. The repairman ran up to Uncle and started to shake hands with Uncle's whiskers.

Uncle was quick at riddles and was famous for switching the hostility into different channels.

"You're looking good," he said to the repair man.

"Yes, I shaved off my grand-father's mustache," said the bi-

cycle fixer with a jerk at Uncle's whiskers that savored strangely of sarcasm.

Not to be outdone in gentlemanly witticisms, Uncle put a permanent wave in the bike professor's shins with his hobnailed carpet slippers.

"Give me the sixty cents," hollered the bike fellow to nobody's astonishment.

"You got my I. O. U., ain't you?" asked Uncle in a sweet voice that made four tugboats change their course and hang out green lights.

Heavens would open and an Angel, all clad in White, would descend and hand him a bottle of Bass' Ale.

Therefore he joined with many others in signing a Paper which called for a Mass Meeting and a lining-up of those who believed that every Man had a right to decide whether he would merely stir it with a Long Spoon or put it in the Shaker.

There was quite a Turnout and many a Tale of Woe.

The Chairman, in his Opening Remarks, said that the Main Issue was not a revival of the Old Query, "Is Alcohol a Food or merely the preliminary to Rough House?"

He doubted if many of the Representative Citizens in front of him had been Slaves of the Habit (Applause). (A Voice: "Not Slaves—merely Playmates.")

The next speaker construed Recent Legislation as an irreparable Injury to the English Vocabulary and Standard Pronunciation. For ten Centuries the Anglo-Saxons had laboriously built up their Lexicon, a word at a time, and had garnered a priceless Treasury of Song and Story. For generations the principal Indoor Sport of the English-Speaking Peoples had been that of sitting up to the Table to get somewhat plastered. If the 18th Amendment remained on the Books, hundreds of words now in the Dictionary would automatically become Obsolete. Nearly all of the Authors from Shakespeare

to Dickens would have to be taken from the Libraries, for they extolled and glorified a Practice which now calls for a Jail Sentence. Otherwise, coming Generations would constantly be fed upon the Propaganda that Sparkling Wine is a Boon Companion instead of a Deadly Toxin. Therefore, he dared to raise his Voice, not on behalf of the Distillers and Brewers, but as one who would preserve a valuable Heritage.

The foregoing was New Stuff to many of the Wets, but it was aimed in the right Direction and got a loud Hand.

Just to give a Line on how a vicious Piece of Law-Making will strike out in all Directions, certain Testimony was offered by a Tall Person with rubber-tired Glasses, introduced as a famous After-Dinner Comic.

THE "TWO IRISHMEN" STORY.

"You may think that the Bar-keepers got it worse than anyone else," he began, "but the recent Calamity put a lot more of us on the Toboggan. Just before the Atrocity was perpetrated, I appeared as Head-Liner at the annual Bust-out of the Fish and Oyster Association. It was a Bear! They cheered me before I said a Word. The Dialect went big. Every Anecdote a shriek. Then, after the Kidding Stuff, a little sure-fire Gravy about the Old Flag. All of them up, waving

Nagkins. Many of them Weeping.

One Prominent Citizen tried to kiss me.

"Now for the reverse Side of the Picture. Last week I was invited to address the National Delegates to a Hub & Spoke Convention. They looked like Representative Citizens, and I have no doubt that, with the proper Environment and Supplies available, they could have loosened up and become Human. However, a timid Committee, possibly influenced by motives of Economy, had failed to take out any Insurance. As we moved slowly into the Banquet Hall, all we needed was some Silver Handles and White Gloves to make it a correct Imitation of the Funeral of a Brother Elk.

"Long before it came my turn, I knew I was backed up against the Wall. Even those who had brought it on the Hip early in the Evening were now Fast Asleep with their Eyes Open.

"It was the Speech, word for word, that had torpedoed the Fish and Oyster Outfit, but now it was a Dud. The sure-fire Whiskey about two Irishmen named Pat and Mike fell flat and then lay still. All the Faces were dead. Not a Wrinkle. Even the guaranteed Guff about 'Old Glory' was a Fiasco. Gentlemen, two years ago I was a Barn-Burner and now I am a Chilled-Burner. What is more, this Noble Institution, the Ten-Dollar Banquet, has taken the Count."

"I fear I am somewhat out of place in this disinterested Gathering," he said, "because I have a lewd-down Confession to make. Your Uncle Dudley is seen on the 18th

amendment because he has an old-fashioned physical Craving for an occasional Hooker out of the Tail Decanter. After a long Day of Contact with the Bussing Insects who now people the earth and wear tailor-made Clothes, I want either a Slug of Hootch or a Shot in the Arm. Those who are now revising the Universe shouldn't rob us of our Consoler until after they have publicly executed all Chinless Men with Celluloid Collars, all Peroxide Janes with soiled White Shoes, all thin-legged Johnnies who smoke Medicated Cigarettes, all large-eyed Commuters with overhanging mustaches, and various other Hazards that now encumber the public Thoroughfares.

"They make it absolutely necessary for us to Drink, and then go and hide our Liquor on us. That is why I now stand on my Hind Legs and declare that I will obey the 18th Amendment even if the 15th Amendment is respected everywhere south of Chattanooga."

A roar of Protest arose, and the Meeting collapsed into Disorder. It became evident that the Party with the Purple Beak was the only genuine Boon-Fighter present and likewise the only one who would go so far as to evade the Law.

Moral: The Recipe for Preserving Personal Liberty will have to be worked out in the Kitchen. (Copyright, 1922, by Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

## Who Remembers? - - By Dick Mansfield



## WORD PUZZLERS.

Begin with a boy—the plural is boys, but the plural of ox is oxen, and oxen; One fowl is a goose, but two are called geese. But the plural of mouse should never be mice.

If the plural of man is always called men, why shouldn't the plural of pan be called pen? The plural of both can never be called beets.

The plural of cow may be cows or kine. But the plural of vow is vows, never vine; If the singular's this and the plural is those, why cannot the plural of kiss be called kesse?

Your hat in the plural is hats, not hose; And one of those that and three would be those; We speak of a foot and more are feet. If you ask for a boot, would a pair be called best?

We speak of a brother and also of brethren. Though we may say mother, we never say mathren; The masculine pronouns are he, his and him. But imagine the feminine—she, she and shim.

LOTTA TIMES.

Little Jack Kellar went to the color. To make himself some home brew. A revenue officer peeped in the window. And Jackie just naturally flew. A NUTHERNUTTY.

GOT THE LAUGH ON HIM.

The Kansas election laws, like those of other States since women have come to vote, do not compel a woman to swear to her exact age. In the recent Kansas primary one woman, known to be over 60 years of age, went to the polls, and the smart clerk solemnly asked, "What is your age?"

"I'm over 21," she told him, "but I wear 16-year-old clothes." She was within the law in saying she was over 21 years old.

SELLING REAL ESTATE.

Sign on country property, as seen by "RUTH":

RARE BARGAIN CHANCE OF A LIFETIME. Thousands of automobiles pass this property every day making it an ideal location for a doctor.

HOME IN HOT WEATHER.

"This is the hottest town on earth." You'll often hear a guy spout. "I'm going down to the seashore And get myself cooled out." And so he sets out with lots of dough. Sure that solid comfort he'll enjoy; That sea breezes will cool him off. And make him a brand new boy. His room is small, the grub is poor, Mosquitoes in millions roam. Then he starts to thinking of the Comforts of home, sweet home.

PETER PIPER.

DIPLOMACY.

The week-end quest in the summer cottage opened the frail door and found his hostess in the bathtub. "Beg your pardon, sir," he said, slamming the door.

H. F.

WOMEN'S THE CLINGING VINE. Man is the oak. That's a fine poetic line. And a joke.

But the real life we view. Many vines are clinging to awful sticks. —Louisville Courier-Journal.

THE PALINDROME KID.

Sure Elbert Treble is a foxy guy, And Elbert Treble has a foxy name.

Matters not whether coming or going, Backward or forward it spells the same.

HANK HAWKINS.

## THE FAMILY ALBUM

THAT'S Uncle Jasper on his high-wheeled bicycle. It was taken around 1890 and paid for in 1902. It was built for two so that Uncle could leave his wife home gnashing her false teeth in artificial rage. It broke down so much that Uncle spent all he could borrow, beg or mooch in repairs.

Uncle said that bicycle was built for two, all right. For two rind-utes.

He owed the repairman eight dollars and sixty cents. So he wouldn't allow Uncle to take the

bike out for a Sunday holiday until Uncle had a bright financial idea. He promised the repair man the eight dollars and gave him his I. O. U. for the sixty cents.

The I. O. U. was due in three months, and in about two years Uncle started to worry. He was a very sensitive man about his debts and his word was as good as his syllables. It was a common proverb around our village that Uncle would pay a debt if it took a lifetime.

Pretty soon, the repair man

came running up to Uncle, who happened to be mending his street. You know, Uncle owed so many people on so many streets that he used to promenade only in alleys. The repairman ran up to Uncle and started to shake hands with Uncle's whiskers.

Uncle was quick at riddles and was famous for switching the hostility into different channels.

"You're looking good," he said to the repair man.

"Yes, I shaved off my grand-father's mustache," said the bi-

cycle fixer with a jerk at Uncle's whiskers that savored strangely of sarcasm.

Not to be outdone in gentlemanly witticisms, Uncle put a permanent wave in the bike professor's shins with his hobnailed carpet slippers.

"Give me the sixty cents," hollered the bike fellow to nobody's astonishment.

"You got my I. O. U., ain't you?" asked Uncle in a sweet voice that made four tugboats change their course and hang out green lights.

Heavens would open and an Angel, all clad in White, would descend and hand him a bottle of Bass' Ale.

Therefore he joined with many others in signing a Paper which called for a Mass Meeting and a lining-up of those who believed that every Man had a right to decide whether he would merely stir it with a Long Spoon or put it in the Shaker.

There was quite a Turnout and many a Tale of Woe.

The Chairman, in his Opening Remarks, said that the Main Issue was not a revival of the Old Query, "Is Alcohol a Food or merely the preliminary to Rough House?"

He doubted if many of the Representative Citizens in front of him had been Slaves of the Habit (Applause). (A Voice: "Not Slaves—merely Playmates.")

The next speaker construed Recent Legislation as an irreparable Injury to the English Vocabulary and Standard Pronunciation. For ten Centuries the Anglo-Saxons had laboriously built up their Lexicon, a word at a time, and had garnered a priceless Treasury of Song and Story. For generations the principal Indoor Sport of the English-Speaking Peoples had been that of sitting up to the Table to get somewhat plastered. If the 18th Amendment remained on the Books, hundreds of words now in the Dictionary would automatically become Obsolete. Nearly all of the Authors from Shakespeare

to Dickens would have to be taken from the Libraries, for they extolled and glorified a Practice which now calls for a Jail Sentence. Otherwise, coming Generations would constantly be fed upon the Propaganda that Sparkling Wine is a Boon Companion instead of a Deadly Toxin. Therefore, he dared to raise his Voice, not on behalf of the Distillers and Brewers, but as one who would preserve a valuable Heritage.

The foregoing was New Stuff to many of the Wets, but it was aimed in the right Direction and got a loud Hand.

Just to give a Line on how a vicious Piece of Law-Making will strike out in all Directions, certain Testimony was offered by a Tall Person with rubber-tired Glasses, introduced as a famous After-Dinner Comic.

THE "TWO IRISHMEN" STORY.

"You may think that the Bar-keepers got it worse than anyone else," he began, "but the recent Calamity put a lot more of us on the Toboggan. Just before the Atrocity was perpetrated, I appeared as Head-Liner at the annual Bust-out of the Fish and Oyster Association. It was a Bear! They cheered me before I said a Word. The Dialect went big. Every Anecdote a shriek. Then, after the Kidding Stuff, a little sure-fire Gravy about the Old Flag. All of them up, waving

Nagkins. Many of them Weeping.

One Prominent Citizen tried to kiss me.

"Now for the reverse Side of the Picture. Last week I was invited to address the National Delegates to a Hub & Spoke Convention. They looked like Representative Citizens, and I have no doubt that, with the proper Environment and Supplies available, they could have loosened up and become Human. However, a timid Committee, possibly influenced by motives of Economy, had failed to take out any Insurance. As we moved slowly into the Banquet Hall, all we needed was some Silver Handles and White Gloves to make it a correct Imitation of the Funeral of a Brother Elk.

"Long before it came my turn, I knew I was backed up against the Wall. Even those who had brought it on the Hip early in the Evening were now Fast Asleep with their Eyes Open.

"It was the Speech, word for word, that had torpedoed the Fish and Oyster Outfit, but now it was a Dud. The sure-fire Whiskey about two Irishmen named Pat and Mike fell flat and then lay still. All the Faces were dead. Not a Wrinkle. Even the guaranteed Guff about 'Old Glory' was a Fiasco. Gentlemen, two years ago I was a Barn-Burner and now I am a Chilled-Burner. What is more, this Noble Institution, the Ten-Dollar Banquet, has taken the Count."

"I fear I am somewhat out of place in this disinterested Gathering," he said, "because I have a lewd-down Confession to make. Your Uncle Dudley is seen on the 18th

amendment because he has an old-fashioned physical Craving for an occasional Hooker out of the Tail Decanter. After a long Day of Contact with the Bussing Insects who now people the earth and wear tailor-made Clothes, I want either a Slug of Hootch or a Shot in the Arm. Those who are now revising the Universe shouldn't rob us of our Consoler until after they have publicly executed all Chinless Men with Celluloid Collars, all Peroxide Janes with soiled White Shoes, all thin-legged Johnnies who smoke Medicated Cigarettes, all large-eyed Commuters with overhanging mustaches, and various other Hazards that now encumber the public Thoroughfares.

"They make it absolutely necessary for us to Drink, and then go and hide our Liquor on us. That is why I now stand on my Hind Legs and declare that I will obey the 18th Amendment even if the 15th Amendment is respected everywhere south of Chattanooga."

A roar of Protest arose, and the Meeting collapsed into Disorder. It became evident that the Party with the Purple Beak was the only genuine Boon-Fighter present and likewise the only one who would go so far as to evade the Law.

Moral: The Recipe for Preserving Personal Liberty will have to be worked out in the Kitchen. (Copyright, 1922, by Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

## THE FABLE OF THE WAILING IN THE DESERT

ONCE the Slickers residing in the wind-swept Canyons of a Great City slowly made up their minds to oppose, Tooth and Nail, something that had already taken place.

When it was tipped off to them, away back yonder in the days of Two for a Quarter and Free Ham, that a Preacher with Weak Eyes and Button Shoes was getting ready to step in between them and their Bronxes, they waxed gleeful and asked, "Is it not to Laugh?"

Now the Answer had come out of the Box as follows: "Yes—it is not."

While grim-visaged War held the Center of the Stage with all the Spots on him, the fanatical Villain known as Nat. Prohl. had sneaked on R. U. E.

A short Scuffle in the Darkness, and then the Lights went up, revealing the red-handed Killer leering and triumphant, surrounded by the mangled Corpses of the following victims:

Mr. Bacchus, J. Barleycorn, Wasmail, Demon Rum, Cabarets, Close Harmony, Clambakes, Class Reunions, Table d'Hote, Welsh Rabbits, Nineteenth Hole, Versified Toasts.

For when a Temperance Tract Crystallizes into a Constitutional Amendment, it becomes an Obstruction which can neither be hopped over nor booted out of the way. You may go ahead and tell the World as much.

A good many of the Bibbers and Blotters had the Scare thrown into them long before the awful Blow-off, but how could they form for an Interference?

Nearly all of the Drinkers, even those of the most sincere and two-handed variety, regarded Grog as a Side-Line and not their regular Business.

They were in favor of some one getting out an Injunction, but they themselves, personally, did not fancy the Idea of lining up in Public with the beetle-browed Bouncers who slopped it out in the Dumps, and the lily-fingered Wholesalers who prune-juiced their Poisons.

They stood aside all during the yelping Warfare between the Water-Spaniels and the Rum-Hounds.

They retained their Dignity as Innocent Bystanders until told that they would have to Keep House without the assistance of Plymouth, Gordon, Old Tom, or Vermouth, and then they began to act Loco.

Freedom shrieked when Marschino fell.

Little knots of Men gathered in Side Rooms and said, in all Seriousness, "They have done it to us, but they mustn't!"

They had a fierce Time trying to abolish the Past Tense.

No use talking—Something had to be pulled!

There was occasional Mention of Beers and Light Wines, The Un-

decent of Sentiment favored a certain Light Wine made in Scotland and flavored with Smoke.

Finally, the Regulars felt themselves pushed to the Verge of Desperation and were ready to compromise on any Potion that would move around after being taken, instead of lying quiet.

They decided to Organize and put up a Battle.

It is not on Record that the South made any Headway after the Civil War in getting the Slaves back to the Quarters.

Also, History tells us that just after Charles the First was decapitated, he remarked sadly, "It's all off," and made no attempt to replace his Head.

Futhermore, it is related that Caesar said, just as the third Dagger passed neatly between the Ribs, "It is evident to me that they are not playing Tag."

INDOOR SPORT.

But the poor Dill-Doll who was being burned up with Memories of moist Afternoons at the Club, and whose Heart broke every time he recalled that Halg & Halg was once a Rib, and whose Tonsils were parched, and whose Tummy looked up at him pleadingly—he was not warned by the examples of History or guided by the Rules of Logic.

He continued to stagger across the burning Sands, sustained by the reckless Hope that maybe the

cycle fixer with a jerk at Uncle's whiskers that savored strangely of sarcasm.

Not to be outdone in gentlemanly witticisms, Uncle put a permanent wave in the bike professor's shins with his hobnailed carpet slippers.

"Give me the sixty cents," hollered the bike fellow to nobody's astonishment.

"You got my I. O. U., ain't you?" asked Uncle in a sweet voice that made four tugboats change their course and hang out green lights.

Heavens would open and an Angel, all clad in White, would descend and hand him a bottle of Bass' Ale.

Therefore he joined with many others in signing a Paper which called for a Mass Meeting and a lining-up of those who believed that every Man had a right to decide whether he would merely stir it with a Long Spoon or put it in the Shaker.

There was quite a Turnout and many a Tale of Woe.

The Chairman, in his Opening Remarks, said that the Main Issue was not a revival of the Old Query, "Is Alcohol a Food or merely the preliminary to Rough House?"

He doubted if many of the Representative Citizens in front of him had been Slaves of the Habit (Applause). (A Voice: "Not Slaves—merely Playmates.")

The next speaker construed Recent Legislation as an irreparable Injury to the English Vocabulary and Standard Pronunciation. For ten Centuries the Anglo-Saxons had laboriously built up their Lexicon, a word at a time, and had garnered a priceless Treasury of Song and Story. For generations the principal Indoor Sport of the English-Speaking Peoples had been that of sitting up to the Table to get somewhat plastered. If the 18th Amendment remained on the Books, hundreds of words now in the Dictionary would automatically become Obsolete. Nearly all of the Authors from Shakespeare

to Dickens would have to be taken from the Libraries, for they extolled and glorified a Practice which now calls for a Jail Sentence. Otherwise, coming Generations would constantly be fed upon the Propaganda that Sparkling Wine is a Boon Companion instead of a Deadly Toxin. Therefore, he dared to raise his Voice, not on behalf of the Distillers and Brewers, but as one who would preserve a valuable Heritage.

The foregoing was New Stuff to many of the Wets, but it was aimed in the right Direction and got a loud Hand.

Just to give a Line on how a vicious Piece of Law-Making will strike out in all Directions, certain Testimony was offered by a Tall Person with rubber-tired Glasses, introduced as a famous After-Dinner Comic.

THE "TWO IRISHMEN" STORY.

"You may think that the Bar-keepers got it worse than anyone else," he began, "but the recent Calamity put a lot more of us on the Tobogg